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more than  $\frac{1}{2}$  in <sup>in depth</sup> wide.  
Mr. Bond had the only  
copy I ever saw. —

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not noted by any  
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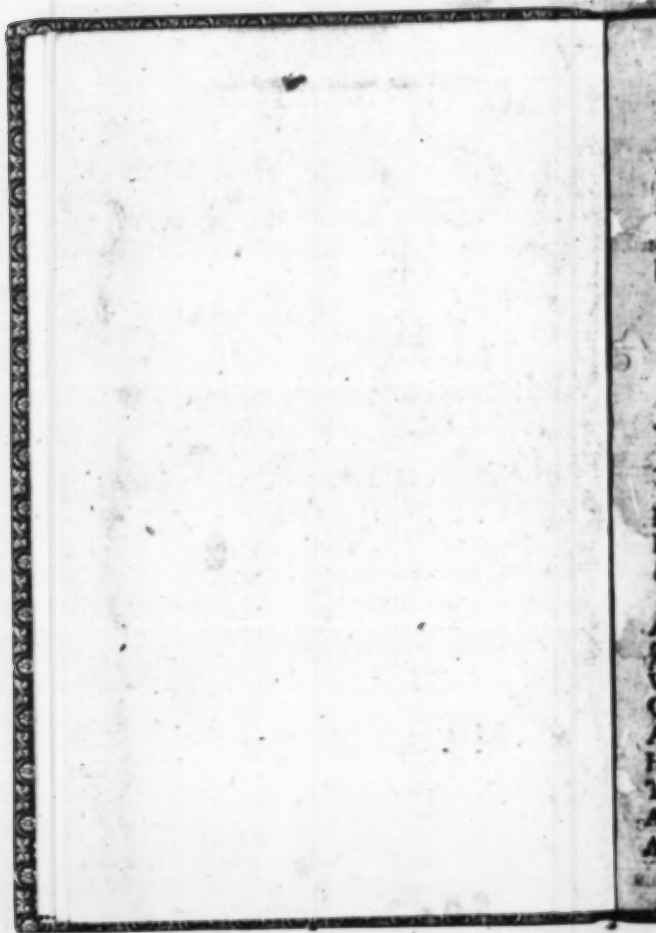
# THE BOOKE OF MARTYRS

Wherein are set downe the  
names of such Martyrs as suffered per-  
secution, and laide downe their lives  
for witness-bearing unto the Gospell of

CHRIST JESUS, drawne  
from the Primitive Church, to these  
later times, especially respecting  
such as have suffered in this land un-  
der the tyranny of Antichrist,  
in opposition to Popish  
Arrogance.

LONDON,

Printed by L. B. 1639



*For the*  
~~Short Catalogue of~~  
**A BRIEF CATALOGUE OF**

such Martyrs as suffered persecution,  
and laid downe their lives for witnesse-  
bearing unto the Gospel of Christ Jesus;  
drawne downe from the Primitive Church,  
to these later times, especially respecting

such as have suffered in this Land under  
the tyranny of Antichrist in oppo-  
sition to *Popish Errors*.

**I** Sing their death, and dying made death yeeld,  
By Scriptures sword, & faiths yobattered shield,  
Whom Satan, men, or monster could not tame,  
Nor force them to deny their Saviours name.  
Evangelists, that did the Gospel write,  
Apostles and brave Martyrs, that did fight  
Gainst death and hell, all the power of sin,  
And boldly di'd eternall life to win.  
*John Baptist* by King *Herod* lost his head,  
Whose to the world repentance published,  
Our blest Redeemer in his love did follow,  
And conquered death mans sinfull soule to hallow.  
He was the death of death, and he did quell  
The sting and power of Satan, sin, and hell,  
And under his great standard, valiantly,  
A number numberlesse have dar'd to dye.

*A Catalogue of Martyrs.*

Through bondage, famine, slavery, swords, fire  
Through all divided torments they aspire  
Victoriously to gaine th'immortall Crowne,  
Of never ending honour and renowne.  
Saint *Steven* was the third that lost his breath,  
And (for his Masters sake) was ston'd to death;  
And as of him in Scripture may be read,  
Th' Apostle *James* was brain'd and butchered.  
Saint *Marke* th' Evangelist in fire did burne,  
And *Buribolmew* was dead, yet would not turne  
Saint *Andrew* like a valiant champion di'd,  
And (willing) on a cross he was crucifi'd  
*Matthias, Philip, Peter, and Saint Paul;*  
Ston'd, crucifi'd, beheaded, Martyrs all.  
Th' Apostles of their lives, no reckoning make,  
And think them well spent for their Saviors sake.  
The Tyrant Emperours, in number ten,  
(Most cruell, barbarous, and inhumane men)  
More Christians by their bloody meanes did slay  
Then for a yeere five thousand to each day.  
And many Romish Bishops in those daies,  
Were Martyr'd to their high Creators prayse;  
And though each day so many thousands bleed,  
Yet doubly more and more they daily breed.  
As Camomile growes better being trod,  
So death and tortures drawes more unto God.  
Or as the Vine that's cut and prun'd beares more  
In one yeere, than it did in three before.

*This*

*A Catalogue of Martyrs.*

This bloody persecution did out-weare  
After Christs death the first 300. yeares;  
Thus did the Primitive Church first inure,  
Being Catholike; Apostolike; and pure;  
Then over all the world was truely knowne,  
That Romish Bishops claimed but their owne  
In their owne Dioces to be chiefe Pastor,  
And not to be the worlds great Lord and Master,  
And now our *Britains* glory will I sing, (King  
From *Lucins* raigne, the worlds first Christian  
Vnto these daies of happy peacefull state,  
A Catalogue of Martyrs I'll relate:  
First *Frsula*, and eleven thousand with her,  
All Virgins, for Christs faith did die together.  
Then *Wengist* with the *Saxons* higher came,  
Who many kill'd with sword and furious flame.  
Besides eleven hundred Monkes were kill'd,  
At *Banger Abby* all their bloods were spill'd,  
And when the *Saxons* race to end was run,  
The *Danes* came in, and all the Kingdome won,  
Before whose swords did many thousands fall,  
Which on the name of Iesus Christ did call.  
Then *William* Conqueror with a multitude  
Vnto the *Normans* yoke this Land subdu'd,  
The Pope then caus'd all Priests to leave their  
To lead leele Sodomitick single lives. (wives,  
Then after ward in *second Henries* raigne,  
Was laide Sir, *Saint Thomas Becket* dead;

*A Catalogue of Martyrs.*

A Popish Saint and Martyr made, because  
He did a traytor to his Soveraignes Lawes:  
King *Henry* and King *Richard* dead and gone,  
Their brother *John* (by right) ascends the throne.  
Whom all his life the Pope of *Rome* did vex,  
And with oppressions all the Realme perplex;  
With candle, booke, and bell, he curst and blest,  
And Bulls and Legates did the King molest;  
Vntill such time he on his knees fell downe,  
And to the Pope surrendred up his Crowne.  
At last, because he durst the Pope withstand,  
He did impoysoned by a Friars hand.  
When thus by treason they had kil'd King *John*,  
Then the third *Henry* Englands Crowne put on:  
Then England bought the Romish doctrine deare,  
It cost her threescore thousand marks a yeare.  
For *Agnus Dei*, pardons, *Peter* pence,  
For which the Pope had all this coine from hences  
King *Henry* died, then *Edward* tooke the sway,  
His sonne and grandchilde, England did obey,  
The first of them call'd *Longshankes*, conquests  
Lost by *Carnarvan* his unhappy son, (won,  
Who by his Queene was in a dungeon cast,  
Till (being murder'd) sadly breath'd his last.  
*Edward* the third, a brave victorious King,  
Did Frenchmens pride into subjection bring.  
*Richard* the second next to Raigne began,  
Who lost more then his royall Grandfire wan.

*Then*



*A Catalogue of Martyrs.*

Then 'gan *John Wickliffe* boldly to begin  
To preach 'gainst Antichrist, that man of sin;  
Who many troubles stoutly did abide,  
Yet (spight the Pope) he naturally di'd;  
And being dead, from out his grave was turn'd,  
And had his martyr'd bones to ashes burn'd;  
Which ashes they did cast into a brooke,  
Because he had the Romish faith forsooke.  
Yet whilst the second *Richard* here surviv'd,  
No Martyrs were by fire of life depriv'd.  
*Henry* the fourth was in the Throne invested,  
In whose raigne many were too much molested;  
And *William Sautre* first his life did give (live.  
Through flames of fire, who now in heav'n doth  
The next *John Badby* in the furious flame,  
And *William Thorp*, but wan immortall fame.  
Then the fifth *Henry*, a victorious Prince,  
The Realme of *France* did conquer and convince.  
The good Lord *Cobham* then (*Oldcastle* nam'd)  
By Popish Priests an Hereticke was proclaim'd,  
Was hang'd and burn'd by the unlawfull doome,  
Of Satans servants, slaves to hell and *Rome*.  
And leaving some unnam'd, *John Browne* Esquire,  
*John Beverly* a Preacher di'd in fire.  
Besides a number from the Lollards tower,  
Racks, tortures, halters, and the flame devoure.  
*John Hus* a glorious Martyr of the Lord,  
Was in *Bohemia* burn'd for Gods Word.

And

*A Catalogue of Martyrs.*

And reverend *Jerom* did to *Constance* come,  
From *Prage*, and stoutly sufferd martyrdome.  
In *Smithfield* one *Iohn Claioun* sufferd death,  
And with him *Richard Turming* lost his breath.  
At this time sixteene godly folkes in *Kent*,  
The Antichristian vassalls did torment.  
Then death cut off the fifth King *Henries* raigne;  
The Crowne the sixth King *Henry* did obtaine.  
And *William Taylor* a true zealous Priest,  
Did passe through fire unto his Saviour Christ.  
Good *Richard Hoveden*, with him *William White*,  
Each unto God (through fire) did yeeld his sprite;  
Duke *Humphrey* (though no Martyr) kild in's bed;  
And *Richard Wych* a Priest was burned dead.  
Then Saint-like good King *Henry* was depos'd;  
By the fourth *Edward* in the Tower inclos'd:  
Then *Edward* fled, and *Henry* once againe,  
By *Warwicks* power the Kingdome did obtaine.  
Thus did the various state of humane things,  
Make Kings of Captive, and of Captives Kings:  
Vntill at last King *Edward* turned backe,  
Brought *Henries* royalty to finall wracke:  
In whose raigne *Iohn Goose* (as the story saith)  
Was the first Martyr, burned for Christs Faith.  
King *Henry* in the Tower was stab'd to death;  
And *Edward* yeeldeth up his life and breath,  
His sonne young *Edward*, of that name the fifth,  
Whom the third *Richard* from his life did lift.

Who

*A Catalogue of Martyrs.*

Who by foule murders, blood, and tyranny;  
Vsurp'd the throne of *Englands* Monarchy;  
Till yaliant *Henry* of that name the seven,  
Kill'd him, and made uneven *England* even:  
Then first *Ioan Broughton*, & a man call'd *Babram*  
By Faith (thorow fire) went to old father *Abram*,  
An old man was in *Switshfield* burn'd, because  
Hee did resist against the *Roman* Lawes.  
One *Jerom* hang'd and burn'd on the Gallows,  
In *Florence*, with two other of his fellowes:  
And *William Tisworth*, *Thomas Bernard*, and  
*James Morton*, cause they did the Pope withstand  
Burned all, and Father *Rogers*, and old *Reine*,  
Did die by fire, a better life to gaine.  
One *Thomas Novice*, and one *Thomas* (base,  
Di'd constant Martyrs by the heavenly grace.  
A woman and a man call'd *Laurence Guest*,  
By death gain'd everlasting life and rest:  
Besides a number past mans reckoning up,  
For Iesus sake dranke of afflictions cup.  
Some carried faggots through a world of mockes  
Some rackt, some pin'd, some fetred in the stocks  
Some naked strip'd and scourged with a lash,  
For their rejecting of the *Romish* trash.  
Some branded in the cheek did alwaies beare  
The badge and marke of their Redeemer deare;  
Thus the insulding tyrannizing Pope,  
With cursings, fagot, fire, and sword and rope,

Did

*A Catalogue of Martyrs.*

Did force the soules, and consciences of men,  
To run despairing to damnations den.  
And they that valiantly his power withstood,  
Did seale their resolution with their blood.  
Before his triple, treble, trouble Crowne,  
(In adoration) Emperours must fall downe,  
Were they as high as any *Cesar* borne,  
To kisse his feet they must not hold it scorne.  
*Henry* the sixth the Emperour did fall downe,  
Whom with his feet Pope *Celestine* did crowne  
*Henry* the fourth his Empresse and young son,  
All three to *Rome* did barefoote goe and run:  
And three daies so, these three did all attend  
His holinesse, a godlesse care to lend,  
Which afterward was granted on condition,  
That he should give his crowne up in submission.  
*Pandolphus* the Popes Legat, with a frowne,  
Did make King *John* of England yeeld his crowne  
King *Henry* of that name the second, hee  
Kneeld downe, and kist the *Romish* Legats knee.  
The Emperour when Pope *Adrian* was to ride,  
Did hold his stirrop on the meere wrong side,  
For which his Holinesse in angry sort,  
Disdainfully did checke the Emp'rour for't.  
When as the Pope doth ride in Cope of gold,  
Kings (like to foot-men) must his bridle hold:  
In pompe he must be borne upon mens shoulders,  
With glorious shew, amazing the beholders.

Whilſt

*A Catalogue of Martyrs.*

Whilst Kings and Princes must before him goe,  
To usher him in his vaine-glorious showe :  
This being true, as no man can deny,  
Those that will not be blind may plainly spy,  
That their insulting proud commanding Priest,  
Is absolute and onely Anti-Christ;  
H' exalts himseife 'bove all that's called God,  
Vpon the Emperours necke he proudly trod :  
He is th'abomination (void of grace)  
That mounts himseife into the holy place :  
He makes the Princes of the earth drinke up,  
And quaffe the poyson of the cursed cup,  
Who being drunken with the dregs of sin,  
They have his sworne and forsworne vassals bin,  
Bewitched with his foule enchanting charmes,  
Gainst one another they have rose in Armes ;  
By forraigne and domestticke bloody broiles,  
Whilst he hath filld his coffers with their spoiles :  
His double dealing too too plaine appeares,  
In setting Christian Princes by the eares,  
Whilst he into his avaritious hands,  
Hath seiz'd their persons, moveables, and lands :  
And as the Christian kings theselves made weak,  
The *Turke* into their Kingdomes 'gan to break ;  
And thus the *Turk* and *Pope* ioin'd with the devil,  
Have beene the authors of all Christian ev'l.

*The*



The second BOOKE.

VVhen the 7<sup>th</sup> Henry in his grave was laid,  
And the 8<sup>th</sup> Henry Englands Scepter  
Romes bloody persecution raged more (swaid,  
In England, than in ten Kings raignes before :  
And therefore Reader, in this little Booke,  
For every Martyrs name thou must not looke ;  
But men of chiefest note, respect and fame,  
That died in England, onely those I name,  
And first the Papists tyranny began,  
In murdering Richard Hun, a zealous man,  
For being kept in prison by their power,  
They closely hang'd him in the Lollards Tower,  
And then they all in generall decreed,  
Reporting Hun himselfe had done the deed.  
And sixteene daies just after this was done,  
They burn'd the foresaid corps of Richard Hun,  
Then to the number of full thirty five,  
The furious flames did all of life deprive ;  
In severall places of this wofull Land,  
Because they did the Pope of Rome withstand.  
At which time Thomas Bilney did beginne,  
To preach and teach 'gainst Antichristian sinne ;  
Where in Saint Georges Church in Ipswich town,

The

*A Catalogue of Martyrs.*

The Papists from the Pulpit pluckt him downe  
And as in dolefull prison he did lie,  
He put his finger into the flames to trie;  
He pray'd, & God did give him strength to beare  
His death, to live with his Redeemer deare.  
The next of note was one *John Frub*, a man  
Of learning great, a Martyrs fame he wan.  
Then learned *Luther*, and grave *Zwinglius*,  
With *Calvin*, *Beza*, *Oecolampadius*,  
All glorious, gracious reverend lamps of light,  
Were instruments to clear becard *Englands* sight.  
In *Flanders* *William Tindall* for Gods Word,  
Was sacrific'd to glorifie the Lord.  
*John Lambert* valiantly his death did take,  
And burn'd in *Smithfield* for his Saviours sake.  
About this time, that honourable man,  
Lord *Cromwell*, life, and timelesse death began;  
He like an earth-quake made the Abbies fall,  
The Fryeries and the Nunneries all.  
This famous noble, worthy *Essex* Earle,  
This Iem, this Jewell, this most Orient Pearle,  
Was for his truth from all he had discarded.  
And with his heads losse, all his Faith rewarded.  
The next of worthy note by fire that dide,  
Was good *Anne Aspgough*, who did strong abide,  
Racks, torturs, & the cruel raging flame, { Daughter  
of Sir Iohn  
Aspgough }  
To magnifie her high Creators name.  
Then gan the k. ngs eies to be opened quite { Knights }

*A Catalogue of Martyrs.*

Inlightned by the everlasting light.  
He banisht superstitious idle fables,  
And packt the Papists hence with all their bables;  
Then *Bonner*, *Gardner*, brethren both in evill,  
Factors and actors, blood-hounds for the Devill,  
Their burning fame to infamy soone faded, (ded.  
They godlesse, gracelesse, were disgrac'd, degra-  
The King then having this good worke begun,  
He died, and left the Kingdome to his son.  
Then raig'n'd young *Edward*, that swete princely  
By whom all Popery was cleane exil'd. (child,  
But he too good to live 'mongst wicked men,  
Th' Almighty tooke him hence to heaven agen :  
No sooner *Edward* was laid in his Tombe,  
But *England* was the slaughter-house of *Rome*.  
*Gardner* and *Bonner* were from prison turn'd,  
And whom they pleas'd were either sav'd or  
*Queene Mary* imitating *Iezabel*, (burn'd,  
Advanc'd againe the Ministers of hell :  
Then tyranny began to tyrannize,  
Tortures and torments then they did devise ;  
Then Master *Rogers* with a faith most fervent,  
Was burn'd, and di'd (in *Smithfield*) Gods truest  
Next unto him did *Laurence Sanders* die, (vant,  
By fire (for Iesus sake) at *Coventrie* ;  
He did embrace, and kindly kisse the stake,  
To gaine heav'ns glory, did the world forsake.  
Good Bishop *Hooper* was at *Glaston* burn'd,

*Cause*



*A Catalogue of Martyrs.*

Cause he against the Romish doctrine spurn'd;  
And Doctor *Taylor* a true zealous man,  
At *Hadley* burn'd, eternall glory wan.  
Then Bishop *Farrer* next his life did spend  
In fire, to gaine the life shall never end.  
Next *William Flower*, first did lose his hand,  
Then burn'd, because he did the Pope withstand.  
In *Essex*, *Thomas Hawkes*, with faith victorious  
Did die with fire to gaine a life most glorious.  
Master *John Bradford* (for his Saviours sake)  
In *Smithfield* burn'd, a godly end did make.  
Two reverend Bishops, Father *Latimer*,  
And *Ridley*, each of them a heavenly star,  
Liv'd in Gods feare, and in his favour di'd;  
At *Oxford* burn'd, and now are glorifi'd.  
*John Philpot* gladly did the fire imbrace,  
And died, and lives in his Redeemers grace.  
Then that grave Father, and religious man,  
Arch-bishop *Craumer*s troubles hot began,  
His pomp, his state, his glory, and his pride,  
Was to know Iesus, and him crucifide:  
He liv'd a godly Preacher of Gods Word,  
And dy'd a glorious Martyr of the Lord.  
*John Careles* in close prison carefully,  
Did change his cares for joyes eternally.  
But this small volume cannot well containe,  
One quarter of the Saints in *England* flane.  
In *Henric*s raigne and *Maries*, (cruell *Queene*)

*A Catalogue of Martyrs.*

Eight thousand people there hath slaughterd bin  
Some by the sword, some hang'd, some burnt in  
Some starv'd to death in prison all expire: (fire  
Twelve thousand and seven hundred more beside  
Much persecution trouble did abide, (stocks,  
Some rackt, some whipt, some tortur'd, some in  
Some doing pennance with a world of mocks;  
Some with an Iron in the faces burn'd,  
Some out of all their goods to beggry turn'd.  
Some bar-foot, baring faggots on their shoulders  
Were made a wondring stocke to the beholders:  
All this and more, much more they did endure,  
Because they would not yeeld to live impure:  
But now to speake the lawlesse cause wherefore,  
And why these people troubled were so sore,  
Because they would not make their plaints and  
To senselesse images, dead stocks & stones, (mones  
Because they said the sacramentall bread,  
Is not the Lord which shall judge quick & dead.  
Because they not beleeu'd a Purgatory,  
And held the Popes decrees an Idle story:  
Because they would not creepe unto the crosse,  
And change Gods sacred Word for human drosse  
Because they held the Masse an Idoll soule, (soule  
At once which pickt the purse and damn'd the  
Because they knew the Pope and all his crue,  
Hell-hounds whom heaven (in rage) on earth did  
And in a word, they thus were over-trod, (spue.  
Be-

*A Catalogue of Martyrs.*

Because they truly serv'd the living God.  
This was the maine and onely cause of all,  
Because they would not offer unto *Basil*.  
The Popes outrageous and contagious actor,  
Was Bishop *Bonner*, hells most truly factor,  
*Romes* hang-man, & the firebrand of this Realme,  
That with a flood of blood did overwhelme,  
The true beleevvers of Gods holy truth,  
He butchered, not regarding age or youth.  
With him was joyn'd a man almost as ill,  
Who tooke delight Gods servants blood to spil;  
Call'd *Steven Gardner*, *Englands* Chancellor,  
And Bishop of the See of *Winchester*:  
These two did strive each other to excell,  
Who should doe greatest service unto hell;  
Vntill at last God heard his servants cry,  
And each of them did die immediatly.  
Thus when *Jehevah* heard the just complaints,  
Of his beloved, poore, afflicted Saints;  
Then this too cruell Pope defending *Queene*,  
(The bloodiest Princeesse that this land hath seen)  
She did de cease, and persecution ceast,  
And tired wofull *England* purchast rest.  
*Queene Mary* being dead, her welcōme death  
Reviv'd our joyes in blest *Elizabeth*,  
Innumerable were her woes and cares,  
Abundant were the subrill wyles and snares,  
Which Satan and his Ministers oft laid,

*A Catalogue of Martyrs.*

To save the life of that most harmelesse maid,  
She was accus'd, abus'd, revil'd, miscal'd,  
She was from prison unto prison hal'd:  
Long in the Tower she was close prisoner shut,  
Her loving servants all away were put:  
From thence to *Windsor*, thence to *Woodstock* sent,  
Closely mew'd up from all the worlds content:  
But God whose mercies ever did defend her,  
Did in her greatest sorrowes comfort send her.  
He did behold her from his Throne most high,  
And kept her as the apple of his eye,  
Let Hell and Hell-hounds still attempt to spill,  
Yet the Almighty guards his servants still.  
And he at last did ease her sorrowes mone,  
And rais'd her to her lawfull & full throne:  
This royall *Deborah*, this princely Dame,  
Vvhole life made all the world admire the same.  
As *Judith* in *Betulia's* fame was spread,  
For cutting off great *Holofernes* head:  
So our *Eliza* stoutly did beginne,  
Vntopping and beheading Romish sinne,  
Shee purg'd the Land of Papistry agen,  
She liv'd belov'd of God, admir'd of men:  
She made the Antichristian Kingdome quake,  
She made the mighty power of *Spaine* to shake:  
As farre as Sunne or Moone disperst their raies,  
So far and further went her matchlesse praise.  
She was at home, abroad, in every part;

Load.

*A Catalogue of Marryes.*

Load-starre and Load-stone to each eye and heart  
Supported onely by Gods powerfull hand,  
She foure and forty yeeres did rule this Land,  
And when she left this royall princely seat,  
She chang'd earths greatnes to be heavenly great,  
Thus did this westerne worlds great wonder die,  
She fell from height to be advanc'd more hie,  
Terrestriall Kings and Kingdomes all must fade,  
Then blest is she that is immortall made.  
Her death fill'd wofull *England* full of feares,  
The Papists long'd for change with itching eares.  
For her decease was all their onely hope,  
To raise againe the doctrine of the Pope.  
But he whose power is all omnipotent,  
Did their unhappy hopelesse hopes prevent.  
Succession lawfully did leave the Crowne,  
Vnto a prince whose vertue and renowne,  
And learning doth out-strip all Kings as far,  
As doth the Sunne obscure a little star.  
VVhat man (that is but man) could baffle more  
Rames seven-headed purple whore,  
How wisely hath he *Bellarmino* confuted,  
And how divinely hath he oft disputed.  
How zealously he doth Gods faith defend,  
How often on Gods word he doth attend.  
How clement, pious, and how gracious good,  
Is he, as fits the greatnesse of his blood.  
VVert not for him, how would the Muses doe?

*A Catalogue of Martyrs.*

He is their patterne, and their patron too.  
He is th' Appollo, from whose radiant beames,  
The Quintessence of Poetry out-streames.  
And from the splendor of his piercing rays,  
A world of worthy Writers wins the baies.  
Yet all the worthy vertues so transparent,  
And so well knowne in him, to be inherent,  
Cannot perswade Papists leave their strife,  
With cursed treasons to attempt his life:  
For when their disputations help'd them not,  
They would dispute in a damn'd powder-plot.  
In which the Romish went beyond the Divell,  
For hell could not invent a plot so evill.  
But he that plac'd him on his royall throne,  
(The God of *Jacobs*, *Judahs* holy one)  
That God (for Iesus sake) I doe beseech,  
(With humble heart, and with unfained speech)  
That he and his, may *Britaines* Scepter sway;  
Till time, the world, and all things passe away,

*FINIS*

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WILLIAM BATES

LONDON,

Printed by I. B. 1639.

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**A BRIEF CATALOGUE of**  
such Martyrs as suffered persecution,  
and laid downe their lives for witnesse-  
bearing unto the Gospel of Christ Iesus;  
drawne downe from the Primitive Church,  
to these later times, especially respecting  
such as have suffered in this Land under  
the tyranny of Antichrist, in oppo-  
*sition to Popish Errors.*

**I** Sing their deaths, who dying made death yeeld,  
By Scriptures sword, & faiths vn battered shield,  
Whom Satan, men, or monsters could not tame,  
Nor force them to deny their Saviours Name,  
Evangelists, that did the Gospel write,  
Apostles and brave Martyrs, that did fight  
Gainst death and hell, and all the power of sin,  
And boldly di'd eternall life to win.  
*John Baptist* by King *Herod* lost his head,  
Who to the world repentance published,  
Our blest Redeemer in his love did follow,  
And conquered death mans sinful soule to hallow,  
He was the death of death, and he did quell  
The sting and power of Satan, sin, and hell,  
And under his great standard, valiantly,  
A number numberlesse have dar'd to dye.

*A Catalogue of Martyrs:*

Through bondage, famine, slavery, sword and fire  
Through all divided torments they aspire,  
Victoriously to gaine th' immortall Crowne,  
Of never ending honour and renowne.  
Saint *Steven* was the third that lost his breath,  
And (for his Masters sake) was ston'd to death;  
And after him in Scripture may be read,  
Th' Apostle *James* was brain'd and butchered.  
Saint *Marke* th' Evangelist in fire did burne,  
And *Bartholomew* was head, yet would not turne;  
Saint *Andrew* like a valiant champion di'd,  
And (willing) on a crosse was crucifi'd  
*Matthias*, *Philip*, *Peter*, and Saint *Paul*,  
Ston'd, crucifi'd, beheaded, Martyrs all.  
Th' Apostles of their lives, no reckoning make;  
And think them well spent for their Saviors sake.  
The Tyrant Emperours, in number tell,  
(Most cruell, barbarous, and inhumane men)  
More Christians by their bloody meanes did slay,  
Then for a yeere five thousand to each day.  
And many Romish Bishops in those daies,  
Were Martyr'd to their high Creators prayse;  
And though each day so many thousands bleed,  
Yet doubly more and more they daily breed.  
As Camomile grows better being trod,  
So death and tortures drawes more unto God.  
Or as the Vine that's cut and prun'd beares more  
In one yeere, than it did in three before:

*Thy*

## A Catalogue of Martyrs.

This bloody persecution did out-weare  
After Christs death the first 300. yeare.  
Thus did the Primitive Church first indure,  
Being Catholike, Apostolike, and pure:  
Then oyer all the world was truely knowne,  
That Romish Bishops claimed but their owne  
In their owne Dioces to be chiefe Pastor,  
And not to be the worlds great Lord and Master,  
And now our *Britains* glory will I sing, (King  
From *Lucius* raigne, the worlds first Christian  
Vnto these daies of happy peacefull state,  
A Catalogue of Martyrs I'll relate:  
First *Ysida*, and eleven thousand with her,  
All Virgins, for Christs faith did die together.  
Then *Mengist* with the *Saxons* higher came,  
Who many kill'd with sword and furious flame,  
Besides eleven hundred Monkes were kill'd,  
At *Bangor Abby* all their bloods were spill'd.  
And when the *Saxons* race to end was run,  
The *Danes* came in, and all the Kingdome won,  
Before whose swords did many thousands fall,  
Which on the name of Iesus Christ did call,  
Then *William Conqueror* with a multitude,  
Vnto the *Normans* yoke this Land subdu'd, these  
The Pope then caus'd all Priests to leave their  
To lead soule Sodomitick single liues, (wives  
Then afterward in second *Henries* raigne,  
Was lawfull Sir, Saint *Thomas Becket* slaine;

*A Catalogue of Martyrs.*

A Popish Saint and Martyr made, because  
He di'd a traytor to his Soveraignes Lawes;  
King *Henry* and King *Richard* dead and gone,  
Their brother *John* (by right) ascends the throne.  
Whom all his life the Pope of *Rome* did vex,  
And with oppressions all the Realme perplex;  
With candle, booke, and bell, he curst and blest,  
And Bulls and Legates did the King molest;  
Vntill such time he on his knees fell downe,  
And to the Pope surrendred up his Crowne.  
At last, because he durst the Pope withstand,  
He di'd impoysoned by a Friers hand.  
When thus by treason they had kil'd King *John*,  
Then the third *Henry* Englands Crowne put on:  
Then England bought the Romish doctrine deare,  
It cost her threescore thousand marks a yeare.  
For *Agnus Dei*, pardons, *Peter* pence,  
For which the Pope had all this coine from hence:  
King *Henry* died, then *Edward* tooke the sway,  
His sonne and grandchilde, England did obey,  
The first of them call'd *Longshankes*, conquests  
Lost by *Carnarvan* his unhappy son, (won,  
Who by his Queene was in a dungeon cast,  
Till (being murder'd) sadly breath'd his last.  
*Edward* the third, a brave victorious King,  
Did Frenchmens pride into subjection bring.  
*Richard* the second next to Raigne began,  
Who lost more then his royall Grandfire wan.  
Then



*A Catalogue of Martyrs.*

Then 'gan *John Wickliffe* boldly to begin  
To preach 'gainst Antichrist, that man of sin;  
Who many troubles stoutly did abide,  
Yet (spight the Pope) he naturally di'd;  
And being dead, from out his grave was turn'd,  
And had his martyr'd bones to ashes burn'd;  
Which ashes they did cast into a brooke,  
Because he had the Romish faith forsooke.  
Yet whilst the second *Richard* here surviv'd,  
No Martyrs were by fire of life depriv'd.  
*Henry* the fourth was in the Throne invested,  
In whose raigne many were too much molested.  
And *William Sautre* first his life did give (live.  
Through flames of fire, who now in heav'n doth  
The next *John Badby* in the furious flame,  
And *William Thorp*, but wan immortall fame.  
Then the fifth *Henry*, a victorious Prince,  
The Realme of *France* did conquer and convince.  
The good Lord *Cobham* then (*Oldcastle* nam'd)  
By Popish Priests an Hereticke was proclain'd,  
Was hang'd and burn'd by the unlawfull doome,  
Of Satans servants, slaves to hell and *Rome*.  
And leaving some unnam'd, *John Browne* Esquire,  
*John Beverly* a Preacher di'd in fire.  
Besides a number from the Lollards tower,  
Racks, tortures, halters, and the flame devoure.  
*John Hus* a glorious Martyr of the Lord,  
Was in *Bohemia* burned for Gods Word.

And

### A Catalogue of Martyrs.

And reverend *Jerome* did to *Constance* come,  
From *Prage*, and stoutly sufferd martyrdom.  
In *Smithfield* one *John Claidon* sufferd death,  
And with him *Richard Tarning* lost his breath.  
At this time sixteene godly folkes in *Kent*,  
The Antichristian vassalls did torment.  
Then death cut off the fifth King *Henries* raigne,  
The Crowne the sixth King *Henry* did obtaine.  
And *William Taylor* a true zealous Priest,  
Did passe through fire unto his Saviour Christ.  
Good *Richard Hoveden*, with him *William White*,  
Each unto God (through fire) did yeeld his sprite,  
Duke *Humphrey* (though no Martyr) kild in's bed,  
And *Richard Wych* a Priest was burned dead.  
Then Saint-like good King *Henry* was depos'd,  
By the fourth *Edward* in the Tower inclos'd:  
Then *Edward* fled, and *Henry* once againe,  
By *Warwicks* power the Kingdome did obtaine.  
Thus did the various state of humane things,  
Make Kings of Captive, and of Captives Kings:  
Vntill at last King *Edward* turned backe,  
Brought *Henries* royalty to finall wracke:  
In whose raigne *John Goose* (as the story saith)  
Was the first Martyr, burned for Christs Faith.  
King *Henry* in the Tower was stab'd to death,  
And *Edward* yeeldeth up his life and breath,  
His sonne young *Edward*, of that name the fift,  
Whom the third *Richard* from his life did lift.

Who

*A Catalogue of Martyrs*

Who by foule murders, blood, and tyranny,  
Vsurp'd the throne of *Englands* Monarchy;  
Till valiant *Henry* of that name the seven,  
Kill'd him; and made uneven *England* even:  
Then first *Ivan Broughton*, & a man call'd *Babram*  
By Faith (thorow fire) went to old father *Abram*.  
An old man was in *Swissfield* burn'd, because  
Hee did resist against the *Roman* Lawes.  
One *Jerome* hang'd and burn'd on the Gallowes;  
In *Florence*, with two other of his fellowes:  
And *William Tilsforth*; *Thomas Bernard*, and  
*James Morton*, cause they did the Pope withstand  
Burned all, and Father *Rogers*, and old *Reine*,  
Did die by fire, a better life to gaine.  
One *Thomas Newice*, and one *Thomas (base*;  
Di'd constant Martyrs by the heavenly grace.  
A woman and a man call'd *Laurence Guest*;  
By death gain'd everlasting life and rest:  
Besides a number past mans reckoning up,  
For Iesus sake dranke of afflictions cup.  
Some carried faggots through a world of mocks  
Some rackt, some pin'd, some fetter'd in the stocks;  
Some naked strip'd and scourged with a lash,  
For their respecting of the *Romish* trash.  
Some branded in the cheek did alwaies beare  
The badge and marke of their Redeemer deare,  
Thus the insulting tyrannizing Pope,  
With earings, fagot, fire, and sword and rope.

Did

*A Catalogue of Martyrs.*

Did force the soules, and consciences of men,  
To run despairing to damnations den.  
And they that valiantly his power withstood,  
Did seale their resolution with their blood.  
Before his triple, treble, trouble Crowne,  
(In adoration) Emperours must fall downe,  
Were they as high as any *Cesar* borne,  
To kisse his feet they must not hold it scorne.  
*Henry* the sixth the Emperour did fall downe,  
Whom with his feet Pope *Celestine* did crowne,  
*Henry* the fourth his Empresse and young son,  
All three to *Rome* did barefoote goe and run:  
And three daies so, these three did all attend  
His holinesse, a godlesse care to lend,  
Which afterward was granted on condition,  
That he should give his crowne up in submission.  
*Pandolphus* the Popes Legat, with a frowne,  
Did make King *John* of *England* yeeld his crown.  
King *Henry* of that name the second, hee  
Kneeld downe, and kist the *Romish* Legats knee.  
The Emperour when Pope *Adrian* was to ride,  
Did hold his stirrop on the meere wrong side,  
For which his Holinesse in angry sort,  
Disdainfully did checke the Emp'rour for't.  
When as the Pope doth ride in Cope of gold,  
Kings (like to foot-men) must his bridle hold:  
In pomp he must be borne upon mens shoulders,  
With glorious shew, amazing the beholders.

Whilst

### *A Catalogue of Martyrs.*

Whilst Kings and Princes must before him goe;  
To usher him in his vaine-glorious shewe :  
This being true, as no man can deny,  
Those that will not be blind may plainly spy,  
That their insulting proud commanding Priest,  
Is absolute and onely Anti-Christ;  
He exalts himselfe 'bove all that's called God,  
Vpon the Emperours necke he proudly trod :  
He is th'abomination (void of grace)  
That mounts himselfe into the holy place :  
He makes the Princes of the earth drinke up,  
And quaffe the poyson of the cursed cup,  
Who being drunken with the dregs of sin,  
They have his sworne and forsworne vassals bin,  
Bewitched with his soule inchanting charmes,  
Gainst one another they have rose in Armes ;  
By forraigne and domesticke bloody broiles,  
Whilst he hath filld his coffers with their spoiles ;  
His double dealing too too plaine appears,  
In setting Christian Princes by the eares,  
Whilst he into his avaritious hands,  
Hath seiz'd their persons, moveables, and lands :  
And as the Christian kings themselves made weak,  
The *Turke* into their Kingdomes gan to break ;  
And thus the *Turk* and *Pope* ioin'd with the devil,  
Have beene the authors of all Christian evil.



The second B O O K E.

**V**Hen the 7<sup>th</sup> Henry in his grave was laid,  
And the 8<sup>th</sup> Henry Englands Scepter  
Romes bloody persecution raged more (swaid,  
In England, than in ten Kings raignes before;  
And therefore Reader, in this little Booke,  
For every Martyrs name thou must not looke:  
But men of chiefest note, respect and fame,  
That died in England, onely those I name.  
And first the Papists tyranny began,  
In murthering *Richard Han*, a zealous man,  
For being kept in prison by their power,  
They cloely hang'd him in the *Lokards* Tower.  
And then they all in generall decreed,  
Reporting *Han* himselfe had done the deed.  
And fixeene daies just after this wa done,  
They burn'd the foresaid corps of *Richard Han*,  
Then to the number of full thirty five,  
The furious flames did all of life deprive;  
In severall places of this wofull Land,  
Because they did the Pope of Rome withstand.  
At which time *Thomas Bilney* did beginne,  
To preach and teach 'gainst Antichristian sinne;  
Where in *Saint Georges* Church in *Ipswich* town,  
The

*A Catalogue of Martyrs.*

The Papists from the Pulpit pluckt him downe  
And as in dolefull prison he did lie,  
He put his finger into the flames to trie;  
He prov'd, & God did give him strength to beare  
His death, to live with his Redeemer deare.  
The next of note was one *John Frub*, a man  
Of learning great, a Martyrs fame he wan.  
Then learned *Luther*, and grave *Zwinglius*,  
With *Calvin*, *Beza*, *Oecolampadius*,  
All glorious, gracious reverend lamps of light,  
Were instruments to clear becard *Englands* sight,  
In *Flanders* *William Tindall* for Gods Word,  
Was sacrific'd to glorifie the Lord.  
*John Lambert* valiantly his death did take,  
And burn'd in *Smithfield* for his Saviours sake.  
About this time, that honourable man,  
*Lord Cromwell*, life, and timelesse death began;  
He like an earth-quake made the Abbies fall,  
The Fryeries and the Nunneries all.  
This famous noble, worthy *Essex Earle*,  
This *Iew*, this *Iewell*, this most Orient Pearle,  
Was for his truth from all he had discarded,  
And with his heads losse, all his Faith rewarded.  
The next of worthy note by fire that dide,  
Was good\* *Anne Asseough*, who did strong abide,  
Racks, torturs, & the cruel raging flame, } *Daughter*  
To magnifie her high Creators name. } *of North*  
Then gan the kings eyes to be opened quite } *Asseough*  
 } *Knights*